ewige wiederkunft

eternal return – poetry collection

celin aubele

einleitung

prelude

the line of perpetual loneliness.
incognizance is a dispersed state.

enough.

it is time, we enter dormancy.
it is time, to shut our eyes.

wake up.
the time has come – let us depart.

an empty world.
the eternal return.

you must accept it.
you will accept it.
you can manage it.

manifesto

a world of dormancy, absence, and incognizance.
a universe of loneliness, observed by one's own mind; occurring in one own's mind.

to understand the world is a dispersed emotion in this state.

the brain cleanses itself.
it conceals itself.
it suppresses itself – but out of self protection.

the mind is with you, but betrays you nevertheless.

beware.

betrete die welt

enter the world

the eternal return feeds you with sorrows.
do not trust it.

enter the world of the logical mind.
but first, lose yourself in a moment of absence.

do not forget to wake up after.

the line of perpetual loneliness will guide you there.
but do not pierce too far, do not lose yourself in your own emotions.

do not forget to accept.

die abwesenheit

the absence

do you hear that.

silence.
everywhere.

do you see that.

emptiness.
colourless.

i do not think.
you do not notice it.

i do not feel.
nobody cares.

then a line emerges.
it wants to guide me somewhere.

my rationality returns.
but in a universe absence from reality.

i enjoy it.

ein rauschen

a noise

i wish i could disappear in this world.

a refuge open to me, for ever.
to escape reality.

it is so perplex – i do not understand it.

realitätsbruch

break in reality

it has been broken for so long.
but i do not know since when.

everything seems distinctive and novel.
it is so quiet.

from afar i see a colourful world.
i want to propel there.

she is so beautiful, so hypnotising.

i disremember that it is not real.
why do i see worlds in myself, that do not exist.

take me back, before i break myself as well.

serendipität

serendipidity

you cannot force this world.
it comes to you whenever it desires to.

attempt to seek it, but you will not be able to locate it.
just like love, you can just hope for it.

it happens, whenever it thinks it is the right time.

this world can teach you acceptance.
but not when you seek for logical explanations.

just like this world, you can just hope for it.

the time will come.

die linie der unendlichen einsamkeit

the line of perpetual loneliness

a perpetual line.
the transition bridge between absence and the logical mind.

it tries to show me something.
the infinity suggests danger.

it tries to prevent me from entering.
a far, colourful, structured construct.

but i long for it.

verschlungenheit

entanglement

i sink further down.

the line of perpetual loneliness is never ending.

i seek for logical explanations.

there has to be an answer.
i have to find it out.

why can i not accept.

das logische denken

the logical mind

i see hexagonal structures.
i see infinite suspensions.

everything is stable and organised.
yet everything is complex and chaotic.

full of colour – i question myself if these depict my emotions.
full of stability – i question myself if these depict my sanity.

but do not sprint too deep.
this world takes your rationality.

it diverts time, and yourself.

widersprüchig

contradictory

i do not understand.

why do i seek for logical explanations.
acceptance is irrational.

i pursue it, to process my feelings – to displace them.
you cannot find acceptance like this.

no matter how much time passes in the real world, or in my head.
i still seek logic.

why.

das allsehende auge

the all seeing eye

it looks at me so peculiarily.
but it feels like, as if i was staring upon myself.

everything turns to clarity.

it tries to tell me something.
but it does not speak.

it wants to forgive me.
i have to forgive me.

it does not gift acceptance.
it teaches it.

a reflection of oneself – my own mind – and i am in medias res.

but then it speaks.
"wake up."

so i wake up.

the world disappears.
the contrast shifts.
the consciousness catches me.

i am at a loss of speech.
like the eye, i do not speak.

then a tear drop emerges from the same eye.
i sense it too.

yet i still cannot accept.

the eternal return returns in form of tragedy.
the state returns with the eternal return.
but i cannot distinguish when.

a chorus of feelings.
when do i return.

the future will hand me over the same fate.
once more.

the eternal return is curse and blessing.
of my thought and myself.
interpretation decides upon it.

that is why the eye is tearing.

fünf phasen der trauer

five stages of grief

at first, i was thrilled with fear.
why did it have to happen.
why could cGF1bA== not stay.
i pretended like it did not occur.
i hoped it would help.
but it did not.

then i was bombarded with anger.
he must be pilgarlic.
he did it on purpose.
i pretended like himself was the only problem.
i hoped it would help.
but it did not.

furthermore i seeked logical explanations again.
something had to be in reason.
coincidence could not be the only reason.
i pretended as if there was a logical solution.
i hoped it would help.
but it did not.

at last, i was destructed.
i cannot forget you.
i cannot see reason.
i pretended like myself was the only problem.
i hoped it would help.
but it did not.

yet i never reached the last phase.
i cannot accept it.
i cannot accept that it terminated.
i cannot accept that it vanished.
i cannot accept that it would be a sole life.
i cannot accept that it wanted to berth away from me.
i cannot accept that this is the path the universe took.

i try to lose myself in a world forged by my own mind.

but i cannot lose myself.

this hypnotising, colourful world cannot pull me down.
it is not permitted to pull me down.

it is time i accept.
just when does time come.

ein voller zyklus

a full cycle

finally, i found it.
after seeking for so long.
after despairing for so long.
i have found it.

the cycle is fulfilled.
the doors have opened – the windows refrained from shutting.
palpitations fill the room.

no more waste of thought.
no more return to this world.

this time i will approach the eye and show my gratitude.
and not awake with it – but return.

out of this construct.
back over the line.
towering above the spikes.

i return to reality.
with a good attitude.

thank you.

postskript

postscript

i see you and get disgusted at myself.

but i stopped feeling melancholic.

i just feel empty.